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Expertise Statement

I’ve been considered an over achiever, a perfectionist even, throughout my life. However, I’ve learned over the years that my perfectionism has limitations, and when it seems a perfect outcome may elude me, I prefer to not try, or even fail, over settling for mediocrity.

This idiosyncrasy may account for my negative attitude about mothering during my young adulthood. Raising a child seemed like an insurmountable responsibility; the likelihood of failure was a looming probability. So when I found out I was pregnant, I did the only thing I was capable of: I panicked, and then prepared for proficiency. Failure, or failure to try, was not an option.

Being the last born in a small, extended family rendered me significantly inexperienced in interacting with children. Therefore, the very first task was to scour the bookstores, libraries and internet to build a knowledge base. Countless hours were spent reading product reviews and researching every aspect of motherhood, from pregnancy through pre-adulthood.

I reached out to friends with children for support and information, probing them to fill in the gaps from my research, and gathering referrals for doctors and other relevant services. I compared their advice to my print resources, and vice versa. No stone was left unturned.

The last piece of the puzzle came from practical application. I offered my babysitting services to friends in hopes of attaining a higher level of comfort, confidence and experience with infants and young children.

After many months of preparation, my groundwork was put to the test by a breathtaking bundle of joy: my son, Julian. All at once, I forgot everything I knew. I was a fumbling, hormonal ball of nerves. What was I thinking? What in the world made me think that I would be able to mother a child?

Hours turned into days, and days turned into weeks; true immersion began. There were moments when I panicked. There were moments when after trying every trick in the book, I still couldn’t pinpoint what my son needed. There were moments when I felt like things would never be normal again, when suddenly, they were.

No amount of research or practice could have prepared me for the experience of motherhood. While the feverish investigation leading up to Julian’s arrival helped me to feel centered and educated, living through the joys, trials, and tribulations have proved to be invaluable and unparalleled. When I began to trust myself, instinct trumped insecurity.

Five years later, my son is happy and healthy. He is thoughtful, well mannered and creative, with a passion for music, a strong will, a great sense of humor and an emerging orderly nature. I could not ask for a more wonderful child. I’ve made plenty of mistakes along the way, but I’ve learned from them. I live each day with purpose, leading by example, and considering the possible implications to my child of every decision I make. Five years later, I may not be the perfect mother, but I am the perfect mother for my child.